

French fop: you gauevs the the counterfeit fairely last night.

Romeo. Good morrow to you both, what counterfeit did I giue you?

Mer. The slip sir, the slip, can you not conceiue?

Rom. Pardon Mercutio, my businesse was great, and in such a case as mine, a man may straine curtesie.

Mer. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning to curfie.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most curteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pinck of curtesie.

Rom. Pinke for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why then is my Pump well flower'd.

Mer. Sure wit, follow me this ieaft, now till thou hast worne out thy Pump, that when the single sole of it is worne, the ieaft may remaine after the wearing, sole-fingular.

Rom. O single sol'd ieaft, Soly singular for the singlenesse.

Mer. Come betwene vs good Benolio, my wits faints.

Rom. Swits and spurs,

Swits and spurs, or Ile crie a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the Wild-Goose chase, I am done: For thou hast more of the Wild-Goose in one of thy wits, then I am sure I haue in my whole fide. Was I with you there for the Goose?

Rom. Thou wast neuer with mee for any thing, when thou wast not there for the Goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the eare for that iest.

Rom. Nay, good Goose bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very Bitter-sweeting,

It is a most sharpe sawce.

Rom. And is it not well seru'd into a Sweet-Goose?

Mer. Oh here's a wit of Cheuerell, that stretches from an ynch narrow, to an ell broad.

Rom. I stretch it out for that word, broad, which added to the Goose, proues thee farre and wide, abroad Goose.

Mer. Why is not this better now, then groning for Loue, now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo: now art thou what thou art, by Art as well as by Nature, for this drueling Loue is like a great Naturall, that runs lolling vp and downe to hid his bable in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desir'st me to stop in my tale against the

Ben. Thou would'st else haue made thy tale large, (haire.

Mer. O thou art deceiu'd, I would haue made it short, or I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.

Enter Nurse and her man.

Rom. Here's goodly geare.

A sayle, a sayle.

Mer. Two, two: a Shirt and a Smocke.

Nur. Peter?

Peter. Anon.

Nur. My Fah Peter?

Mer. Good Peter to hide her face?

For her Fans the fairer face?

Nur. God ye good morrow Gentlemen.

Mer. God ye gooden faire Gentlewoman.

Nur. Is it gooden?

Mer. 'Tis no lesse I tell you: for the bawdy hand of the

Dyall is now vpon the prick of Noone.

Nur. Out vpon you: what a man are you?

Rom. One Gentlewoman,

That God hath made, himselfe to mar.

Nur. By my troth it is said, for himselfe to, mar quotha: Gentlemen, can any of you tel me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you: but young Romeo will be older when you haue found him, then he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worle.

Nur. You say well.

Mer. Yea is the worst well,

Very well tooke: I faith, wisely, wisely.

Nur. If you be he sir,

I desire some confidence with you?

Ben. She will endite him to some Supper.

Mer. A baud, a baud, a baud. So ho.

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No Hare sir, vnlesse a Hare sir in a Lenten pie, that is something stale and hoare ere it be spent. An old Hare hoare, and an old Hare hoare is very good meat in Lent.

But a Hare that is hoare is too much for a score, when it hoares ere it be spent,

Rom. will you come to your Fathers? Weele to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell auuncient Lady:

Farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.

Exit. Mercutio, Benolio.

Nur. I pray you sir, what sawcie Merchant was this that was so full of his roperie?

Rom. A Gentleman Nurse, that loues to heare himselfe talke, and will speake more in a minute, then he will stand to in a Moneth.

Nur. And a speake any thing against me, Ile take him downe, & a were lustier then he is, and twentie such lockes: and if I cannot, Ile finde those that shall: seurie knaues, I am none of his flurt-gils, I am none of his skaines mates, and thou must stand by to and suffer euery knaue to vie me at his pleasure.

Pet. I saw no man vse you at his pleasure: if I had, my weapon should quickly haue bene out. I warrant you, I dare draw as soone as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrell, and the law on my side.

Nur. Now afore God, I am so vext, that every part about me quiuers, skurny knaue: pray you sir a word: and as I told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out, what she bid me say, I will keepe to my selfe: but first let me tell ye, if ye should leade her in a foolies paradise, as they say, it were a very grosse kind of behauiour, as they say: for the Gentlewoman is yong: & therefore, if you should deale double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any Gentlewoman, and very weake dealing.

Nur. Nurse commend me to thy Lady and Mistresse, I protest vnto thee.

Nur. Good heart, and yfaith I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord she will be a ioyfull woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her Nurse? thou doest not marke me?

Nur. I will tell her sir, that you do protest, which as I take it, is a Gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her deuise some meanes to come to shuff this And there she shall at Frier Lawrence Cell

Beshriu'd and married: here is for thy paines.

Nur. Not truly sir not a penny.

Rom. Go too, I say you shall.

Nurse

Nur. This afternoone sir? well she shall be there.

Ro. And stay thou good Nurse behind the Abbey wall,

And bring thee Cords made like a rackled faire,

Which to the high top gallant of my ioy,

Must be my conuoy in the secret night.

Farewell, be trustie and Ile quite thy paines:

Farewell, commend me to thy Mistresse.

Nur. Now God in heauen blesse thee: ha:ke you sir,

Rom. What faist thou my deare Nurse?

Nur. Is your man secret, did you nere heare say two

may keepe counsell putting one away.

Ro. Warrant thee my man as true as Steele.

Nur. We'l list my Mistresse is t he sweetest Lady, Lord,

Lord, when 'twas a little prating thing. O there is a Noble

man in Towne one Paris, that would faine lay knife a-

board: but she good soule had as leue a see Toade, a very

Toade as see him: I anger her sometimes, and tell her that

Paris is the properer man, but Ile warrant you, when I say

so, shee lookes as pale as any clout in the versall world.

Doth not Rosemarie and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Rom. I Nurse, what of that? Both with an R

Nur. A mocker that's the dogsname. R. is for the no,

I know it begins with some other letter, and she hath the

prettiest sententious of it, of you and Rosemarie, that it

would do you good to heare it.

Rom. Commend me to thy Lady.

Nur. I a thousand times. Peter?

Pet. Anon.

Nur. Before and apace.

Exit Nurse and Peter.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. The clocke strook nine, when I did send the Nurse,

In halfe an houre she promised to returne,

Perchance she cannot meete him: that's not so:

Oh she is lame, Loues Herauld should be thoughts,

Which ten times faster glides then the Sunnes beames,

Drining backe shadowes ouer lowring hills:

Therefore do nimble Pinion'd Doves draw Loue,

And therefore hath the wind-twift Cupid wings:

Now is the Sun vpon the highmost hill

Of this daies iourney, and from nine till twelue,

I three long houres, yet she is not come.

Had she the affections and warme youthfull blood,

She would be as swift in motion as a ball,

My words would bandy her to my sweete Loue,

And his to me, but old folkes,

Many faine as they were dead,

Vnwieldie, slow, heavy, and pale as lead, and me I will

O God she comes, O hony Nurse what newes?

Enter Nurse.

Has thou met with him? send thy man away.

Nur. Peter stay at the gate.

Jul. Now good sweet Nurse?

Jul. Lord, why lookest thou sad?

Though newes, be sad, yet tell them merrily.

If good thou shalt the muscke of sweet newes,

By playing it to me, with so fower a face,

Nur. I am a weary, giue me leaue awhile,

How my bones ake, what a iaunt haue I had?

Jul. I would thou had'st my bones, and I thy newes:

Nay come I pray thee speake, good good Nurse speake.

Nur. Iesu what hast can you not stay a while?

Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breth

To lay to me, that thou art out of breath?

The excuse that thou dost make in this delay,

Is longer then the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy newes good or bad? answere to that,

Say either, and Ile stay the circumstance:

Let me be satisfied, ift good or bad?

Nur. Well, you haue made a simple choice, you know

not how to chuse a man: Romeo, no not he though his face

be better then any mans, yet his legs excels all mens, and

for a hand, and a foote, and a body, though they be not to

be talkt on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower

of curtesie, but Ile warrant him as gentle a Lambe: go thy

waies wench, serue God, What haue you din'd at home?

Jul. No no: but all this this did I know before

What saies he of our marriage? what of that?

Nur. Lord how my head akes, what a head haue I?

It beates as it would fall in twenty peeces.

My backe a tother side to my backe, my backe:

Beshrew your heart for sending me about

To catch my death with iauuning vp and downe.

Jul. I faith: I am forrie that that thou art so well,

Sweet sweet, sweet Nurse, tell me what saies my Lotte?

Nur. Your Loue saies like an honest Gentleman,

And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,

And I warrant a vertuous: where is your Mother?

Jul. Where is my Mother?

Why she is within, where should she be?

How odly thou replist!

Your Loue saies like an honest Gentleman:

Where is your Mother?

Nur. O Gods Lady deare,

Are you so hot? marrie come vp I trow,

Is this the Poulis for my aking bones?

Henceforward do your messages your selfe.

Jul. Heere's such a coile, come what saies Romeo?

Nur. Haue you got leaue to go to shrift to day?

Jul. I haue.

Nur. Then high you hence to Frier Lawrence Cell,

There stales a Husband to make you a wife:

Now comes the wanton blond vp in your cheekes,

Their be in Scarlet straight at any newes:

Hie you to Church, I must an other way,

To fetch a Ladder by the which your Loue

Must climde a birds nest Soone when it is darke:

I am the drudge, and toile in your delight:

But you shall beare the burthen soone at night:

Go Ile to dinner, hie you to the Cell.

Jul. He is to high Fortune, honest Nurse, farewell.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. So smile the heauens vpon this holy act,

That after houres, with sorrow chide vs not.

Rom. Amen, amen, but come what sorrow can,

It cannot counteruail the exchange of ioy

That one short minute giues me in her sight:

Do thou but close our hands with holy words,

Then Loue-dououring death do what he dare,

It is enough, I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights haue violent endes;

And in their triumph: die like fire and powder;

Which as they kisse consume. The sweetest honey

Is loathsome in his owne delicioufnesse,

And in the taste confounds the appetite.

Therefore Loue moderately, long Loue doth so,

Too swift arriues as tardie as too slow.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the Lady. Oh so light a foot

Will nere weare out the euerlasting flint,